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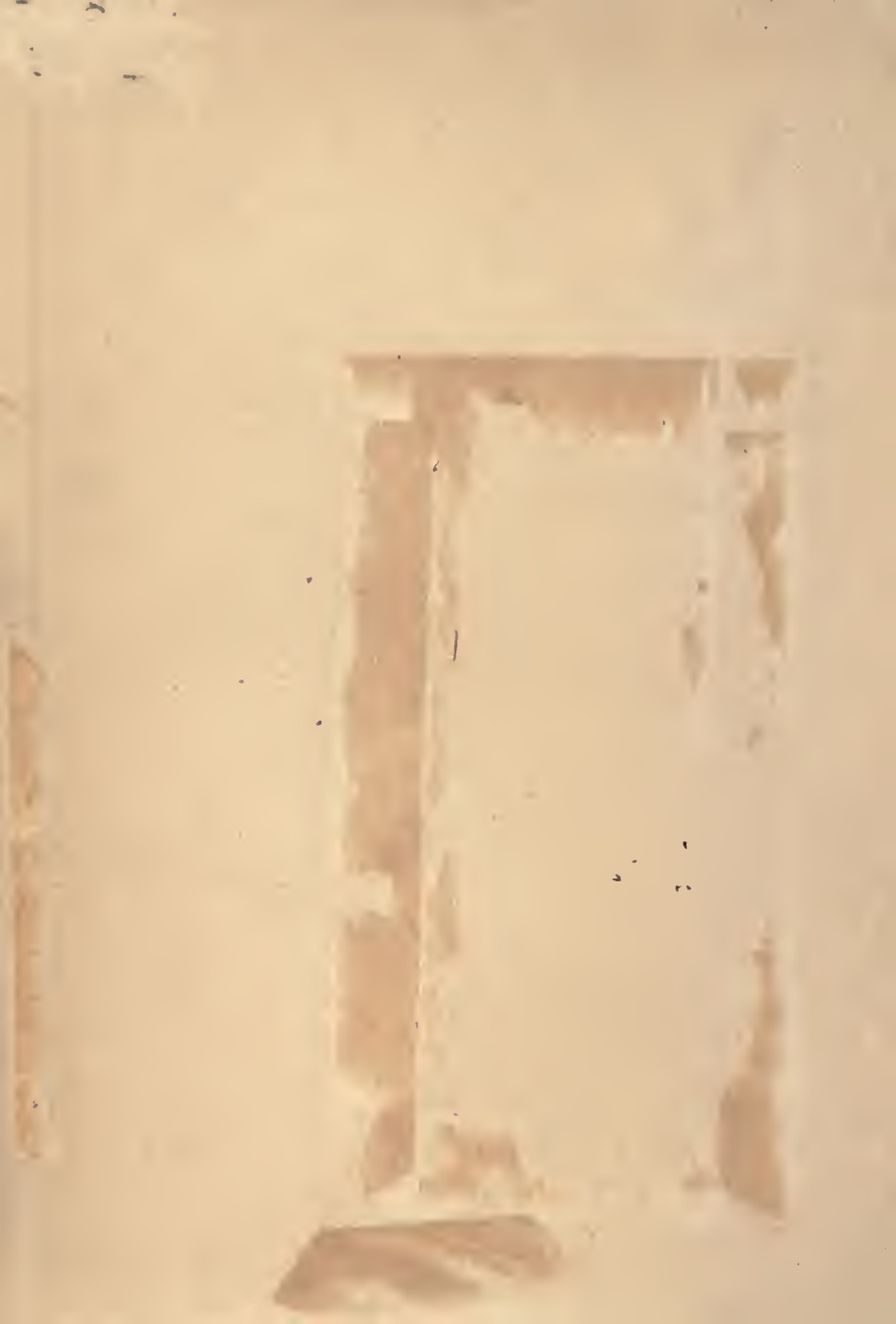

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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IN

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

[By L.L.W. Wilson]

PUPIL'S BOOK II

FOR GRAMMAR GRADES

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Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
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N37D
W69p
v.2
cop.2

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SEPTEMBER

Each month hath praise in some degree;
Let May to others seem to be
In sense the sweetest Season;
September, thou art best to me,
And best doth please my reason.

—Davies.

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Breton.

THE GLEANER.

THE lone and level sands stretch far away.

— SHELLEY.

THE dreary waste expanding to the skies.

— GOLDSMITH.

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Gérôme.

A LEASH OF HOUNDS.

Where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

— Goldsmith.

Ruisdael.

THE MILL.

Great Fuji-yama, towering to the sky!
A treasure art thou, given to mortal man,
A god-protector watching o'er Japan;
On thee forever let me feast mine eye!

— *From the Japanese.*

Hokusai.

FUJIYAMA SEEN FROM THE TOKAIDO.

OCTOBER

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and the patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil;
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord
More than man's spoken word.

— Longfellow.

Troyon.

OXEN GOING TO THEIR WORK.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers.

Millet.

THE GLEANERS.

HAIL to the merry harvest-time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer!

—DICKENS.

Breton.

THE END OF LABOR.

NOVEMBER

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And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

— Hemans.

Boughton.

THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure,
And Time nor chance shall your work entwine;
But all — like a truth — endure!

So, — sing, brothers! Weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and to weave:
'Tis better to work than live idle:
'Tis better to sing than grieve.

— Barry Cornwall.

Veronese.

INDUSTRY.

Now, beneath the starry sky,
  Couch the widely-scattered sheep;—
Ply the pleasant labor, ply!
  For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

— Wordsworth.

II. — E

THE SHEEPFOLD.

Jacque.

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid in life's common things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain.

— John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE FARMYARD.

Roll.

DECEMBER

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

— Tennyson.

Murillo.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
When the star of the Lord shone bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

Bouguereau.

THE MADONNA.

And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

And when they saw him they were amazed. And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

And he went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

—*From "The Gospel according to St. Luke."*

Hofmann.

CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

—Tennyson.

Blashfield.

THE CHIMES.

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JANUARY

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and drear —
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day.

—Shelley.

Fra Angelico.

ANGEL.

A COUNTENANCE in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

—WORDSWORTH.

Da Vinci.

MONA LISA.

Wisdom is radiant and fadeth not away;
And easily is she beheld of them that love her,
And found of them that seek her.

— Ecclesiastes.

Michelangelo.

THE DELPHIC SIBYL.

Yes, there she was indeed! that divinest image that ever shaped itself in palpable hues and forms to the living eye! What a revelation of ineffable grace and purity and truth and goodness! . . . When I looked up at it to-day, it gave me the idea, or rather the feeling, of a vision descending and floating down upon me. . . . There is such a blessed calm in every feature! And the eyes beaming with a kind of internal light look straight out of the picture, — not at you or me, not at anything belonging to this world, — but through and through the universe. The unearthly Child is a sublime vision of power and grandeur, seems not so much supported as enthroned in her arms. . . . St. Barbara . . . seems to be giving a last look at the earth, above which the group is raised as on a hovering cloud. St. Sixtus is evidently pleading . . . for the congregation of sinners who are supposed to be kneeling before the picture, — that is, for us, — to whom he points. Finally, the Cherubs below, with their upward look of rapture and wonder, . . . complete the harmonious whole, uniting heaven with earth.

— Mrs. Jameson.

Raphael.

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

FEBRUARY

I GRIEVE that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.

— ANONYMOUS.

Holbein.

THE MADONNA OF THE MEYER FAMILY.

Take them, O Death, and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamp'd upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

— Longfellow.

Titian.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

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Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashion'd by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

— Wordsworth.

Millet.

THE ANGELUS.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar; —
A meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—Holmes.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.

Turner.

MARCH

Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books. . . . Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.

—Ruskin.

Alma-Tadema.

READING HOMER.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless Puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem viewed with kindred eye,
Of tricksy restless infancy?

—Joanna Baillie.

Ronner.

A FASCINATING TALE.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent, —
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

— Byron.

Burne-Jones.

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee!
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged — and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

— Arnold.

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Sargent.

THE PROPHETS.

APRIL

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping — anon — anon.

There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone.

— Wordsworth.

Bonheur.

PLOUGHING IN NIVERNAIS.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by pride within.
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.
Look, — how round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins, —
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire —
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

— Barry Cornwall.

Bonheur.

THE HORSE FAIR.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread!
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Then sow; for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you have passed away
Before the waving cornfield
Shall gladden the sunny day.

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

Millet.

THE SOWER.

FATHER! by Thy love and power,
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
  On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father! guard our couch from ill,
  Lull thy children to repose:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine!

—ANSTICE.

Rousseau.

SUNSET IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

MAY

TO PAN

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound.

Daffodillies,
Rose, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling
Whilst we sing
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

—John Fletcher.

Corot.

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS.

MAY

Little brings the May breeze
Beside pure scent of flowers,
While all things wax and nothing wanes
In lengthening daylight hours.
Across the hyacinth beds
The wind lays warm and sweet,
Across the hawthorn tops,
Across the blades of wheat.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Daubigny.

SPRING.

O Spring-time sweet!
The whole earth smiles thy coming to greet;
Our hearts to their inmost depths are stirred
By the first spring flower and the song of the bird.

— Landon.

Corot.

SPRING.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

— Wordsworth.

Millet.

SPRING.

JUNE

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More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.

—Shakespeare.

Rembrandt.

THE MILL.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

— Longfellow.

Dagnan-Bouveret.

AT THE WATERING-TROUGH.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

—SHELLEY.

Hunt.

JUNE CLOUDS.

HARK! HARK!

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steed to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady, sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Reni.

AURORA.

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